NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 25.—VOL. XXI. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1809. NO. 1067.

TENACITY;

OR,

ROSABELLE AND HER UNCLE.

A TALE.

BY MISS ELIZA YEAMES.

ROSABELLE MONTAGUE was about the age of twenty-one, possessed of an independent fortune, good-natured, accomplished, and surrounded by admirers of one sex, and flatterers of the other. Her person was neither strictly handsome, nor the reverse of lovely; at first sight, it was merely agreeable; but on a minute investigation, charms were to be found altogether irresistible. To the uncommon animation of her features, this may be attributed. Warm in her passions, she, at an early age, discovered traits of a brilliant genius: no wonder then that she was soon possessed of a fund of knowledge. Indeed she had but one fault, and that was a too partial opinion of her own judgment, which sometimes, although her penetration was great, proved erroneous.

Rosabelle's guardian was her uncle, a man of the world, and no ways attached to her, which probably was caused by her venturing to direct him in matters of moment. Be that as it may, he was frequently heard to declare that he wished her off his hands, as she was no small trouble to him.

Rosabelle's heart was her own. The man she most esteemed, however, was the brother of her young friend, Josephine Fitzroy; and though George was not exactly beloved, all others were quite indifferent to her.

Mr. Fitzroy was assistant in a counting-house. He was of no expectation, of no family. He supported his sister Josephine. He appeared amiable, shewed the greatest attention to Rosabelle, and was ever thankful for her benevolence to Josephine. It was enough—Miss Montague honoured George, and gave him encouragement. Thoughtless of consequences, Rosabelle suffered him to pour out his love to her, and to interpret what he chose from her looks. Caught in a dilemma, she knew not how to extricate herself, but by marrying him. This she did; and afterwards bitterly repented following her own advice, in preference to that of her uncle, who had often warned her against giving him too much of her esteem. Her fortune was sufficient to support them in a style of elegance; Rosabelle's husband knew it, and he was not sparing of expence. On his sister he lavished a great deal too much. The once simple, unadorned Josephine, was now dressed in so rich a manner as was enough to turn her head. In his household establishment George again shewed his love of fashion and grandeur.

Miss Fitzroy's person, mild, unmeaning, was no counted pretty; her figure was certainly light and interesting, and her temper was good; but she possessed little strength of judgment, and might properly be accounted a character that could neither injure nor improve. Rosabelle's sense, spirit, and good-nature, drew people of both sexes to her house; and Josephine had her admirers. Mrs. Fitzroy directed her choice, promised her a portion from herself, added to what George proposed giving her; made her appear very amiable in the eyes of her lover, (Mr. Danby,) adorned her with her own hands, polished her manners, and proved to her the friend and mother. Josephine applauded her goodness—but this was not all—Rosabelle had been her best friend before her marriage with her brother; she had purchased the chief part of her clothes for the last four years, and replenished her purse at different times, not to say how repeatedly she had taken her with her to public places of amusement, and how earnestly she had strove to teach her every accomplishment she was mistress of herself.

Things seemed in a fair train for Miss Fitzroy's marriage with Mr. Danby; George had no objection to the match; he trusted to his wife's judgment. It was but right he should not differ with her in opinion in such a matter, and therefore the witnes settled it between them.

It happened that Rosabelle's uncle, Sir Charles Germain, saw and admired Josephine in the character of a fine lady. He made his proposals, and Miss Fitzroy chose to discard Mr. Danby, and accept his addresses in stead. Displeased and mortified as was Rosabelle, at her conduct, she could not exactly shew her feelings openly to Josephine; but to her husband she poured out her indignation: that a man of her uncle's age should be preferred to the young and elegant Danby, was to her a matter of wonder. But George soon let her into the light of the affair, by laughing at Josephine's shrewdness, in preferring a title and clear four thousand a year, to mere youth and beauty.

"I thought Josephine careless of riches and honour," said Rosabelle, her speaking features evincing disgust, and her cheeks glowing with crimson, "and could I have supposed her otherwise, long ere this I should have ceased to esteem her. Though she is your sister, Sir, it was not that consideration that bound me to her: it was her friendly, her endearing manners. Now, henceforth, I cease to love her.—She says, Sir Charles will have no portion with her. Ah! how cheerfully would I have given her one suitable to our station, could I have seen her marry Danby; nor ever should I have ceased to regret your giving me a sister, though hereafter she might have wanted my assistance."

Mrs. Fitzroy undertook to see Mr. Danby, instead of Josephine; when he called, he insisted on hearing a verbal answer, not being perfectly satisfied with the short note of dismission he had received. She appeared before him with a sedate but friendly look, and taking a seat by his side, addressed him in so warm, so friendly a manner, that he started almost from his seat, and in a tone of visible agitation, exclaimed, "Ah! Madam, it is well to give advice; but, pardon me, I am not in a state of mind to receive it; and—and—are you not the neice of my rival—and the sister of the deceitful ——?" The words died upon his lips, and a sort of mental anguish seemed to agitate his features.

"I am so, Sir," she replied, a warm suffusion taking possession of her cheeks; "but is that a sufficient reason for you to reject my words?—Sir Charles Germain is indeed my uncle, and Josephine is the sister of my husband: but by the first I am unacknowledged for what he terms the contrariety of my temper, and by the last, in consequence, very evidently shunned. I pity you, Sir, from my soul: upon a former occasion I avowed myself your friend; I remain so still; you have given me no reason to recal the expression; and now suffer me to indulge the hope that you will not despise me, as one who favoured the suit of ——"

Rosabelle stopped, and a still deeper colour covered her face, her neck, and even her arms, while her frame was agitated in a manner uncommon.

"Truth," continued she, seeing Mr. Danby silent, "is a godlike virtue; it is a lesson which a mother or preceptor ought carefully to implant in the youthful breast; those who depart from its laws are unworthy the esteem of the meanest individual; it lessens them even in their own eyes; it makes them as bad as the midnight purloiner; a criminal in every sense. They start, they shake, at the thought of detection; their eyes are cast down, their countenance is darkened with fear; their speech is low, hesitating, and contradictory; their whole appearance unlike the engaging openness, the ingenuous sweetness of truth. May I, therefore, being so well aware of the pernicious tendency of falsehood, maintain the same adherence, the same strict punctuality to my word, till the moment of my death, as I have ever yet done from the moment of my birth."

"I stand corrected, Madam," said Danby, confused, amazed, and charmed. "Will you pardon the doubts of a distracted, mad-brained fellow? Speak the word, amiable Mrs Fitzroy, and let it be with your wonted kindness."

The hand of Rosabelle was instantly stretched out, with a smile of extreme sweetness. She bent her eyes full upon his countenance, and warmly said, "Mr. Danby, I do forgive you; the offence was momentary; I was not so great a novice as to think it caused by personal enmity. I felt the motive that distracted, irritated, and made you unlike yourself; and I could not be unjust enough to take offence at the ungoverned expressions caused by a mind so vexed and out of order. I rather pitied than condemned it."

Here Rosabelle actually shed tears, and was obliged to walk to the window; while Danby, bound as by magic, gazed after her without speaking; till, having recovered his recollection, he approached in the most respectful manner, and, with the deepest gratitude imprinted on his fine and manly countenance, put forth his hand, and delicately, tenderly clasped hers, while he tremulously said, "Best—best of women!"

"Farewell, Sir,—farewell, Mr. Danby; it is time to break up this conference," interrupted Rosabelle; and taking her hand gently away, kissed it, and retired.

A little time after this interview, the day was appointed for the wedding of Sir Charles. His intended bride, adorned and decked out with the best of clothes, jewels, and finery appeared nearly intoxicated with pleasure. She talked, she laughed, she visited every public place, to the very great astonishment of those who had known her former extreme timidity, and tried all in her power to rival the splendour of her sister's talents. She had not yet seen Danby since she had thought proper to discard him: but now it one evening happened that she sat in the next box to him at the theatre—the play was a fine one, and he kept his seat seemingly very little moved by her presence—for having politely bowed, he entered into conversation with Rosabelle, and actually appeared pleased and in spirits, to Josephine's visible mortification. She therefore determined to tease before she left him. She softly complained of indisposition, willing to see his tenderness revive. He did indeed express some concern when Rosabelle rose and said they had better retire—but he left her to the care of the gentlemen about her, and merely wished her better, shaking hands with Mrs. Fitzroy, and warmly bidding her farewell.

(To be continued)

FRENCH POLITENESS.

When Montaigne was dead, his adopted daughter turned that admiration which was now disengaged, upon the Marquis de Racan, with whom she yet was acquainted only by his works. Having a great desire of personally knowing a poet who had so much merit of his own and so much candour in praising that of other people, she neglected no means of procuring him to pay her a visit. The day and hour was fixed for this call, and two friends of the poet who had been informed of the appointment, seized this opportunity for affording themselves a little sport. One of these gentlemen knocked at her door an hour or two before the appointed time, and sent up the name of M. De Racan. Mademoiselle de Gournay received him in the warmest manner; he talked of the works which she had published, and which he had been studying in order the better to pay his court to her. He staid about a quarter of an hour, and left the lady to congratulate herself on having conversed with Racan. He was scarcely gone, when the servant again entered, announcing M. De Racan. She supposed her guest was coming up stairs again to say something that he had forgotten and was preparing to pay him some compliment on the occasion when the second wag entered, and paid his own. She could not help asking him several times if he really was the Marquis, and related to him what had just passed. The pretended Racan affected to be excessively displeased with the tricks, and vowed vengeance. However, Mademoiselle de Gournay was better pleased with him than with the former, because he praised her much more: so she soon believed him to be the real Racan, and considered the preceding visitor as an imposter. As this second wit went out of the house, the real Racan arrived, and sent up his name. 'What,' cried she, quite out of patience, 'more Racans!' however in came the poet: and Mademoiselle in a very angry tone, inquired whether he were come to insult her. Racan, who, at best, was not fluent in dialogue, and who on this occasion expected quite a different reception, was so much confused that he could do nothing but stammer. Mademoiselle, losing all decorum, declared she was sure he was a fellow sent to make a jest of her; and pulling of her slipper, she so belaboured his pate with the heel of it, that he was compelled to save himself by flight.

Menage, who relates this story, says that Bois-Robert used to tell it every where, and that he sometimes amused a company with it even in the presence of Racan: and when any body appeared to the poor poet for the authenticity of the tale he would say *Why, there is some truth in it.*

MAXIMS.

It is the hard condition of authority, that when the multitude fare well, they applaud themselves—when ill, they repine against their governors.

There can be no stricter union upon earth than that of a virtuous friendship.

For the New York Weekly Museum.

SONNET.

Supposed to be written by a Lady whose Husband was addicted to intemperance, and addressed to him.

Can the heart which has felt the soft passion of love,
E'er yield to the poison which liquor conveys?
Oh! yes, I have known its harsh influence prove
A death to the joys of my earlier days.

Shall the heart that with innocence still is imbued,
To such brutish behaviour be forced [illegible] to yield;
Alas! 'tis true, that with virtue endued,
The patience of Heaven has as yet been my shield

But, the soul-racking pains which I'm forced to endure,
May break the love-circling chain which bound you to my heart;
Then in vain will you rave—but too late comes the cure—
No repentance to me can a comfort impart.

For the refuge of sadness—the womb of the grave,
From the baseness of man your poor Anna shall save.

HERRICUS.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ANNA'S CHOICE.

On a ground gently rising far from the gay town,
Where nature, her beauty displayed,
My abode should be reared, not shown but neat,
On simplicity's aspect arrayed.

On the right a small garden with gay flowers graced
And a murmuring meandering rill,
Should enrapture the ear, while the flower's I'd select
The eye with sweet pleasure would fill.

Mild peace with gay plenty, without should abound
Good humoured content reigns within
Large green shady trees my abode should surround,
Where the mild warbling songsters would sing.

A library, chosen with taste I would have,
Which food for improvement contains,
And under the green waving branches I'd sit,
And hear the mild warblers sweet strains.

And could I see'n meet with an amiable youth
A stranger to meanness and pride,
A generous heart, firm to love and to ruth
A *Husband*, should sit by my side.

BURKE'S GARDEN GRAVE.

I climbed the high hills of the dark Appamattox,
The stream poured its waters, the wind woods a mong:
All was still, save the dash of the surge from the white-rock,
Where the sea-fowl indulged in his tremulous song

On my right, where the poplars, with fair branches gleaming,
Half embosom the proud vaulted villa of Jones;
On the tomb-stone of Daly the liquid sun streaming,
Marked the spot where the bard had found rest for his bones.

Oh! rare is the spot hung with clustering roses,
Where Virginia's sweet minstrel is gone to his rest,
For the sun's parting ray, on his grave oft reposes,
And the red-breast delights there to build her soft nest.

And oft shall the damsels, with bosoms high swelling,
Whose ruby lips sweetly his soft stanzas sing,
Dejected repair to the bard's narrow dwelling
And deck the raised turf, with the garlands of Spring.

PICTURE OF JAMAICA.

BY A WET, AND RESIDED AT PORT ROYAL.

Jamaica is the dunghill of the universe, the refuse of the whole creation, the chippings of the elements; a shapeless pile of rubbish, confusedly jumbled into an emblem of chaos; neglected by omnipotence when he formed the world in its admirable order! the nursery of heaven's judgments, where the malignant seed of all pestilence were first gathered and scattered through the regions of the earth, to punish mankind for their offences; the place where Pandora filled her box—where Vulcan fired Jove's thunderbolt; and that Phaeton, by his rash magnificance of the sun, scorched into cinder: the receptacle of vagabonds—and the sanctuary of bankrupts—as richly as an hospital, as the plague—as hot as Tophet—as wicked as its monarch: Subject to tempests, hurricanes, and earthquakes, as if the island like the people were troubled with the dry bellyach.

The chief of their provisions is sea turtle, or toad in a shell, stewed in its own gravy: the lean is white: its fat of a disgusting colour; and is excellent to put a stranger in a flux; and purge out that part of those ill humour'd infabibly creatures. The belly is called Callipee, the back Callipatch, and it is served up to the table in its own shell, instead of a platter. They have guanas, bickeries, and crabs, the first being an amphibious animal, shaped like a toad but black and larger; the second a land tortoise, which needs no description, being as numerous as drogs in other parts, and burrow in the ground like rabbits; so that the whole island may justly be called a crab warren: they are fattest near the palisadoes, where they will make a skeleton of a corpse in as little time as a tanner would slay a colt; or a hound devour a shoulder of mutton after hunting. They have beef without fat, lean mutton without gravy; and fowls as tender as the udder of a cow, and as juicy as a steak from the haunches of a superannuated cart horse. Milk is so plenty that you may buy it for fifteen pence a quart, but cream so very scarce that a flakon of butter if their own making, would be as costly a jewel, that the richest man in the island would be unable to purchase it. They value themselves greatly upon the sweetness of their pork, which indeed is luscious, but as flabby as the flesh of one just risen from a diarrhoea, and ought to be forbidden as in all hot countries, and among the jews for the prevention of the leprosy.

There is very little veal and that lean: for in England you may nurse four children much cheaper, than you can one calf in Jamaica. They have cows too, almost as big as ducks, and Muscovy ducks, as big as geese: But as for their geese they are all swans, for I never saw one in the island.

There are sundry sorts of fish, without scales, and of a serpentine complexion. They eat as dry as sand and much stronger than stale herrings, or old leg, with oiled butter to the sauce as rank as goose grease, improved with the palatable relish of a musty mummy.

They make a rare soup, they call a pepperpot. It is an excellent breakfast for a salamander, or a good preparative for a mountebank's agent, who eats his one day, that he may get better victuals the next.—Three spoonfuls so inflamed my mouth, that had I devoured a peck of radish, and drank after it a gallon of brandy and gunpowder Dives like, I could not have been more importunate for a drop of water to cool my tongue.

They greatly abound in a beautiful fruit called a cushue, not unlike an apple, but longer: it is soft and very juicy, but so great an acid, and of a nature so astringent, that by eating one, it drew my mouth like a purse's purse, and made my palate as rough, and tongue as sore, as if I had been gargling my mouth with allum water.

Of water-melons and muskmelions they have plenty. The former is of as cold a quality as a cucumber, and will dissolve in your mouth like ice in a hot frying pan; and it is as pleasant to the eater, and I believe as wholesome, as a cup of rock water to a man in a hectic fever. The latter are large and luscious, but too much watry to be good.

Cocoa nuts and physic nuts are in great esteem among the inhabitants: The former they reckon meat, drink, and cloth; but the eatable part is secured by so strong a magazine, that it requires a lusty carpenter, well armed with axe and handsaw, to hew a passage to the kernel; and when he has done, it will not recompence his labour. The latter is as big as a filbert; their shell is black and japanned by nature, exceeding art; the kernel white and extremely pleas-

ant to the palate, but of such powerful operation, that by taking two, my bowels were swept as clean as your night-man swept a vault, or any of the black fraternity a chimney.

They have oranges, lemons, limes, and several other fruits, as sharp and crabbed as themselves, not given them as a blessing, but a curse; foreasing so many sour things, generates a corroding slime in the bowels; and is one great occasion of that fatal and intolerable distemper, the dry bellyach which in a fortnight, or three weeks, takes away the use of their limbs, so that they are forced to be led about by negroes. A man under this misery, may be said to be the 'southern of the island, the complexion of the patient being the field, bearing *or*, charged with the emblems of destruction, proper supported by two Devils' tables; and Death the crest argent. Many other fruits there are, which are neither worth eating, naming, nor describing; some which are never tasted but in a drought, and others in a famine.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 29, 1809.

The city inspector reports the death of 34 persons, (of whom 10 were men, 5 women, 14 boys, and 6 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of abcess 1, casualty 1, consumption 6, convulsions 3, debility 1, decay 1, dropsy 2, drowned 1, bilious fever 4, scarlet fever 1, typhus fever 1, infantile fever 6 inflamation of the brain 1, intemperance 1, St. Anthony's fire 4, sprue 1, still born 4, and 1 of worms.

The case of casuality was a child, aged 7 years, whose death was occasioned by the fall of a chimney in Chatham street; and the drowned person Michael Cody, a native of Ireland aged 36 years.

The Long-Island Star of the 27th inst. states that the disease which has for some days past excited so much alarm at Brooklyn, has considerably abated, and assumed a milder aspect. From 12 to 16 persons are said to have died since the 1st inst. The greater part of those who fell victims to the disease, were of intemperate habits, and whose circumstances did not admit of the comforts and advantages of a careful attendance; add to this the filthy state of the dwellings where it broke out, which are situated in a dirty and narrow street near the water. *N. Y. Gaz.*

It has been mentioned in the Southern Papers that a Gold Mine has been discovered in Passumsqueddy. The fact is, that a poor man of that place found on the beach, a lump of gold weighing 2 lb. 3 oz. At his request, Mr. Stephen Jones, after seperating the piece into five parts, sent two of them to the Mint. They produced 12 1 2 oz. pure gold, and properly the pieces sent weighed but a few penny weights more. No idea was entertained by Mr. Jones that any mine had been found. Many years since there was a French settlement at the place; and it is believed that in the destruction of a house by fire, gold coin was melted, and formed the lump which has been found.

Useful Invention.—Mr. Jacob Balcomb, of Steuben county, in this state, has obtained a patent for the invention of a machine to rive shingles, to be worked either by horse, wind, or water. The utility of this machine must be obvious to all those engaged in the above business. The astonishing facility of the operation, and cheapness of the machine, are sufficient to recommend it to the public. With the assistance of one man, ten thousand shingles may be rived in twelve hours; the expense of the machine does not exceed fifty dollars.

A most horrid murder was committed on the body of a Mr. Chapman, of Adair county, Kentucky, a short time since, by three of his Negroes. After repeatedly striking him with a handspike they carried his body some little distance: and built a large logheap on it, which they consumed by fire. The negroes have since been apprehended, and confessed their guilt, and will no doubt receive the punishment which their crime merits.

A melancholy instance of the effect of ungoverned passion (in modern language, *disappointed love*) happened a short time ago in Halifax county, in the state of North-Carolina. A young man, named William Parker, by trade a carpenter, had for a long time courted a young woman named Dolly Griffen, with the consent of her family. Some impropriety in his conduct, or some misunderstanding on her part, had delayed and finally broke off her engagement. On the 5th inst. the parties had dined in company together, where it is probable something of an irritating nature took place, when the man went off, full of his murderous intent, and rode nine miles to borrow a gun, professedly to kill a deer. On his return, he met the unfortunate victim riding home in company with some female friends; the moment he appeared, she screamed out "He will kill me," and began to weep. He advanced and very coolly told the girls in company not to be alarmed, as the charge was for her—too fatally he spoke the truth; in an instant the ball entered her side and she fell! He again charged the piece and pointed the deadly instrument to his breast; it missed fire—he took out his knife, hacked the flint, and again drew the trigger, when the gun, faithful to its purpose, discharged its load into his body: he staggered to a fence, and requesting the young women to pray for him, returned and fell near the victim of his rage and expired!

A negro boy who attended the females rode off on the first discharge of the piece, and met some gentlemen, one of whom was a medical man, who came up just in time to see them both expire!

The Dramatic Authors in Paris lately amounted to 2142, comprehending tragic and comic Poets, Melodramatists, Monodramists, Vaudevillists, Parodists, and Pantomimists. When performers of eminence becomes superannuated, they are supported by the State, on the liberal principle, that those who have contributed to the public pleasure, should be supported in the decay of nature by public gratitude.

R. CONOVER,

Late foreman to R. Bunn, respectfully informs the Ladies of this city and his friends in general, that he has taken that elegant and convenient stand at the blue window, No. 120 Broadway, directly opposite the City-Hotel, where he intends to carry on the Ladies Shoe-making, in all its various branches, in the neatest and most fashionable manner. Having furnished himself with a choice collection of the best materials, such as Kids and Morocco of a variety of colours, with lining, binding and ribbands to suit the same, the Ladies may depend upon the strictest attention being paid to their commands. The subscriber's long and unremitted attention to the above business, for upwards of eight years in the first rate shops in this city, he hopes will entitle him to a share of the public patronage.

R. C. intends to keep none but the very best materials and workmen, which will enable him by known ability and strict attention, to give general satisfaction. Ladies by sending their messages shall be personally attended to, and their orders thankfully received and executed with the strictest fidelity and attention, being determined to spare no pains or exertions to merit the favours of a generous public.

July 29. 1047 3t

COURT OF HYMEN.

Long, long may Hymen joys impart,
Communal bliss to prove—
For there's no friendship cheers the heart,
Like that of mutual love.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Anthony Kohlmann, Don Mariano Delasquer de la Ladena, to Mrs. Mary Palmer, of this city.

At Sheffield, Connecticut, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Ebenezer Gay Mr. Daniel Austin, merchant of this city, of the house of Austin and Andrews, to Miss Sarah E. Kent, of the former place.

At Schenectaday on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Bogardus, Mr. Joshua Mocker, to Miss Hetty Bates.

At the same place on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Thomas Romeyne, Mr. Francis Van Debogert to Miss Harriet Yates.

At the same place, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Bogardus, Mr. Robert Osborn to Miss Maria Marcelus.

At Albany, on Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Beasly, Mr. Benjamin Williamson to Miss Susan Wiley.

MORTALITY.

On Death! 'tis thy delight to make us sad,
To blast our joys, and mock our every hope,
To wretched man new miseries to add,
And fling fresh gall into life's bitter cup.

DIED,

On Monday afternoon, of a lingering illness, Miss Hannah Franklin Norwood, daughter of Mr. Andrew Norwood of this city.

On Monday morning, after a long and painful illness, borne with the patience and resignation of a true christian, Mrs. Elizabeth Davidson, aged 53 years, consort of Mr James Davidson.

On Tuesday evening, Capt. Joseph Galloway, of the ship Beaver, in the 39th year of his age.

On Thursday morning, at the Marine Hospital, Staten Island, Capt. Hoadley, of the brig Cleopatra, lately arrived from Savannah.

BILIOUS CORDIAL.

A FRESH SUPPLY, JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

In Bottles at Four or Six Shillings each.

An immediat, safe, and effectual remedy in the most inveterate cases of *BILOUS CHOLIC*, and is peculiarly proper in all complaints proceeding from a redundancy of Bile. It may be used to great advantage in Complaints of the Bowels generally, and is an agreeable as efficacious.

A supply of the above cordial is just received from the proprietor (a resident of New Jersey, who having witnessed the happy effects resulting from its use for several years past, considers it a duty highly incumbent to place it more in the way of his fellow-creatures.

Numerous affidavits (and those the most respectable) might be produced of its utility and effects, but these auxiliaries are too often abused in recommending trash as specifics in every complaint.

A trial of the Bilious cordial will in itself by its best recommendation.

TO LET,

Two Rooms, with the use of a Chamber and Kitchen, situated at Newtown Creek, two miles from Bushwick Ferry. Inquire of

PETER DURYEA,
Newtown Creek, near the Bridge.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

An Apprentice to the Printing-Business. None need apply unless well recommended. Inquire at this Office. May 13.

CISTERNS

Made and put in the ground complete warranted tight by C ALFORD

No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

COURT OF APOLLO.

STANZAS,

Written in May 1803, *when under the pressure of severe distress.*

BY CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

MONTH after month its course has run,
Yet still no dawn of hope I see—
No more will health's reviving sun
E'er shine on me.

Cheerless to me the dawn of day,
While sinking 'neath stern sickness' power,
Meridian sun or evening grey,
Or midnight's hour.

For fierce disease his bow has bent,
And pierced me with his keenest dart,
While pain my vital strength has spent,
And chilled my heart.

Beneath his power I strive in vain
In balmy rest my eyes to close—
From opium's aid alone I gain
A short repose.

Oh! when will all those sorrows cease,
Whose weight o'erpowers my fainting breast!
When shall this flutt'ring heart find peace,
And be at rest!

But still, my soul, with patience wait,
And meekly bear the chast'ning rod:
Remember, all thy suffering state,
Is known to God.

Doubt not his care and tender love,
Altho' his dealings seem severe,
Strive by affliction to improve,
And him revere.

What though disease thy days consume!
Soon death will bring a sweet release,
And those within the silent tomb
Shall rest in peace.

Dust unto dust shall there return—
While the immortal soul shall fly,
By heav'nly messengers upborne,
To God on high.

From a London Magazine.

THE SEASONS.

WHEN the young Chloe's rising charms
Invited lovers to her arms,
She looked a dainty thing:
We saw her beauty owned her wit,
And as the simile most fit,
We called the period SPRING.

Full bloomed as is the ripened flower,
We saw her still maturer power,
And woman's state become her:
The prudent mother and the wife,
Dispensing round her all the life
And all the bliss of SUMMER.

Advancing on in life's career,
The maids to Chloe lent an ear,
And what she knew she taught 'em;
Her sage advice dispensing round,
Till every prudent virgin found
The richest fruits of AUTUMN.

Now Chloe's charms are faded quite;
Yet honour cannot hold it right
Of her due praise to stint her:
For she, who summer well employs,
Shall reap the autumn's solid joys,
Nor dread the frost of WINTER.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE, BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
FROM LONDON,
At the sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball far superor to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemens Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Cymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rogue for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair Powder. Almond powder for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 3d and 1s 6d

Smith's celabrated Corn Plaister 3s per box

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

*** The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatum

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

RICHARD MULHERAN,

Has for sale at his stores, No 12 Peck's-Slip, and at Greenwich, opposite the State Prison Barracks, a neat assortment of Dry Goods, consisting of Superfine and Second Cloths, Cassimeres, Swansdowns, Flannels, Cotton Cassimeres, Russia Diapers, Cotton Umbrel's's, Black and White Cambric Muslins, Callicoes. Furniture Dimities, India Lustrings, Cotton and Thread Laces, Blue and White Gurrahs, Mamoodies, Cotton Cards, &c. which he will sell on moderate terms for cash.

☞ The store at Greenwich, will continue open till the first of November.

CHARLES SPENCER,

CONFECTIONER,

Informs his Friends and the Public, that he has removed to No. 118 Broadway, opposite the City-hotel where he carries on his business in its various branches, and hopes, by strict attention still to deserve public patronage. Families supplied with Plumb-cake iced and neatly ornamented Tea-cakes of every description—Pyramids, Ice-cream, Blanch-monge, Jellies, &c. Country Orders punctually attended to

March 11. 1047—6m

ON MODERATE TERMS,
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE
CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.

LEWIS FORNIQUET

Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in general, that he has removed to No. 136, Broadway, where he solicits a continuation of their custom, and flatters himself that the quality of his stock and his attention to business, will meet with their approbation. He has lately received, by arrivals from Liverpool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Ear-rings, and Pearl Ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz pins Bracelets and Rings

ON HAND,

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and red Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Seals, Plain and Cornelian Keys; Gold Ear-rings, Breast-pins, Rings, Lockets, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets; Table, Tea, and Desert Spoons; Soup Ladles and Fish Knives; Tortoise-shell, Dressing, and Fine Combs, Scissors, Penknives, Best Whitechapel Needles in quarters, and a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Elastic Braids, in the Newest Fashion, and at the shortest Notice.

January 28. 1041—tf

S. DAWSON'S,
WARRANTED DURABLE INK,
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3 Peck-Slip and at the Proprietors 48 Frankfort-street.

THOMAS MORTON,

Begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public that he has removed to No. 92 William-street, the store occupied by the late Mrs. Brasher: where he has for sale the following fancy and staple articles—

Damask and diaper table cloths
Fine French cambrics and linens
Twilled cotton sheetings
6-4 wide checks and bed ticks
Chintz, callicoes and ginghams
Fancy shawls, silk, cotton and camels hair
Ladies and gentlemens silk and cotton hose
Gentlemens English black silk extra sizes do.
India book, cambrics and mulmuil muslins
Plain, Fancy, and Dorus Pelongs
Ribbins, sewing Silks, cotton and silk Trimmings
Fancy Vesting, Cassimeres and Cloths
Cotton Yarn for Sewing, Knitting and Drawing
Pins, Tapes, velvet Binding and Fans
White and coloured Threads, floss silk and Thread, with a variety of other Articles, which will be sold low, wholesale and retail.

May 27 1058—tf

ECONOMICAL AND CONVENIENT
CHAMBER-LIGHT,
By means of a Floating Wax Taper which will burn Ten Hours,

and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, and give a good and sufficient light. They require no particular lamp, but may be burnt in a wine glass, tumbler, or any similar vessel.—Persons who are in the habit of being called up at night, and others requiring or wishing a light during the night (particularly the sick), will find those Tapers exceedingly cheap and convenient.—They are recommended to Publicans to light Segars with during the day.

They are sold at C. Harrisson's Book-Store, in boxes containing 50 tapers, at 50 cents per box

JUST RECEIVED,
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
a few reams elegant gilt edge and plain
NOTE PAPER.
ALSO,
COMMON PRAYER BOOKS.

NEW-YORK,
PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON
NO. 3 *PECK-SLIP.*
One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.
PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE